

*Fall 1992*

LIV

# MEASURE



Literary Magazine

# MEASURE

FALL 1992

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*Robert Garrity*

### **Divide and Conquer**

As growing twigs encounter obstacles  
They branch apart and overcome these  
Splitters of intent.

A man's decisions leave behind two-fold  
Reminders that his one persona  
Now has been so rent

That he is more complex. But yet the same  
Dividing that has made his single  
Purpose one now bent

Allows for richer, fuller growth --  
More branches for the leaves of life to  
Feed the soul's ascent.

*Frances L. Schwartz*

### **You**

The ocean,  
Always changing,  
Calm today  
Furious tomorrow.

You,  
Always changing,  
Sincere today  
Sadistic tomorrow.

*John Negovetich*

### **Dream**

Dream to be far, far away,  
hope my heart strings never fray,  
remember the peace in being at home,  
try to feel wanted, even when I'm alone.  
Dream.

A dreamy-eyed child in over his head,  
fearful, alone, aimlessly moving ahead.  
Trapped by confusion, strangled by fear,  
overwhelmed with sorrow, drowning in tears.  
Dream.

A dream like love that held me tight,  
and kept me warm on the coldest night.  
The most wonderful love I'll ever know,  
two hearts joined together, forever to grow.  
Dream.

Dream of togetherness for all to share,  
being able to know that someone is there.  
Dream of helping you by saving me,  
the tighter we hold, the stronger we'll be.  
Dream.

*Shelly Robertson*

## **Somewhere, Someday, Somehow**

Somewhere there is a place  
Where all old people play.  
The youth all understand  
The teens can waste away.

Someday we'll start to grasp  
Why death and pain and tears  
And life will be so simple and  
Get better with the years.

Somehow I'll find the good,  
The somewhere and someday,  
Sometime I'll always be myself,  
Sometimes the time will stay.

Somehow I will stop wishing,  
Someday I'll sacrifice,  
Somewhere I'll find some truth  
In truly good advice.

Someday instead of asking  
I'll teach the world to sing.  
Somewhere that will be easy  
There will be no suffering.

Somewhere, someday, somehow,  
Somehow, someday, somewhere  
My hopes, my aspirations, dreams...  
And every little care.

*Mary Barga*

## **The Other World**

Free from pain, free from capture  
All on my own. No worries, no cares.  
I don't want to belong.  
All our lives we are told to fit in.  
We are prepared from the beginning.  
All our choice is taken away by the world.  
A world full of hypocrites who do what they want.  
And we must conform  
Or else wither away into another world:  
The Outcasts.

This world of outcasts is not so bad  
With in it there is peace,  
There is freedom, there is choice.  
You may not belong to the other world.  
But who wants to?  
Who wants to be a clone of the others in that world?  
That life is far worse than the criticism and actions  
Taken against an outcast.  
At least in the outcast world your conscience is clean  
And you are you.

*Greg Potts*

## **On the El From 95th Street Station to Adams and Wabash**

On the electric third rail racing blind  
into the darkness.

Above the crawl of congested Chicago streets,  
the wheels rattle, race on rails moving blindly into the  
dark at neck breaking speed.

Forward into an explosion of light,  
shuddering and screeching, speed ceases, stop.  
Doors open, a myriad of travelers exit into the night.

*Jennifer Anderson*

### **Red**

Flows in my veins  
Love  
as deep as my heart  
Pain  
when the knife cuts  
Vivid  
when the sun hits my eyes.



*John D. Groppe*

## **Papa**

Papa, twice a widower, loved sunny rooms --  
the dining room with his rocking chair  
and smoking stand near the window,  
the kitchen with a white wood table  
where he served me grapefruit scraped dry into a bowl  
and oatmeal running with Karo syrup.  
Outside, he sat on the low stone wall of St. James' Church  
with Walsh, another widower and Irishman far from home.  
They puffed their pipes and occasionally chuckled  
about a bloke who had done some foolish thing.  
I sat with them, watching the trolleys  
and the women pushing baby carriages,  
towing toddlers behind them,  
and learned the warmth of the sun,  
the delight of the quiet chuckle,  
the wisdom of silence.

*Matt Osborn*

## **Certainty**

Those childish smiles from behind that  
beautiful brown hair can't hide your true feelings.  
I can tell exactly what you're going to do when I walk in  
the door. Your lips will curl up, and your eyebrows will  
curve. You are going to say "I love you," as you glance  
up from the book.  
Well, I think that's what you are going to do.

*John Negovetich*

### **Raining**

Streaming tear drops of bitter pain  
from the soul of a lonely man,  
who cannot stop, cannot refrain,  
as he woefully reaches out his hand.

A showering laughter that falls from the sky  
to mock us one and all.  
Droplets of hatred that wish us to die,  
as over and over they fall.

The crack of thunder into my bone  
with a blinding flash of light,  
Filled with emptiness, I am alone  
but always with me, the darkness of night.

Soft droplets of water so pure and clean  
falling through the trees.  
A magical beauty of calm and serene  
that no one bothers or cares to see.

Raining...

*Frances L. Schwartz*

### **Life**

Life is short.  
Don't waste it by  
pinning your hopes  
on one dream.

*Shelly Robertson*

## I Take Joy In Simple Things

I take joy in simple things:  
The growing grass, the bird that sings,

A little child playing ball,  
And people who just care to call.

I take joy in simple pleasures:  
Poetry and music measures,

Eating pizza on a Saturday night,  
Living wrong and living right.

I take joy in cloudy days,  
The winds that blow, the friend who stays.

The wonders of a frightful eve,  
And things most people can't conceive.

I take joy in using my gifts.  
I take joy in sand that drifts,

And time that continues to slip away  
No matter how much I want to stay.

Today I saw a bumble bee,  
A smiling face, a colorful tree,

The end of summer and all it brings  
'Cause I take joy in simple things.

*JaLeen Deardurff*

### **Summer Days at Grandma's Farm**

The warm sun shines brightly in the blue sky.  
It spotlights the images before me.  
The Victorian house stands proudly to my left.  
On my right is a green pasture lined with a white fence.  
Cattle graze happily, lazily, occasionally raising their  
heads to moo.

Ahead of me is a long, straight gravel lane.  
At the end of the lane is the barn,  
a big red barn well preserved throughout the years.  
I hear my younger brother and sister urging me,  
"Come on! Let's go play!"

We race to the barn and climb the wooden ladder to the  
hay loft.

We make a slide out of straw and spend hours entertaining  
ourselves.

Brad tries daring maneuvers. Jackie and I are more  
careful.

While the sun warms the outside, the fun, laughter and  
play warms me inside.

When we tire of playing in the straw, we brush ourselves  
off  
and go into the house to beg for a snack.

Our mother is visiting our grandmother in the big white  
house.

Perched on the porch swing, we eat chocolate ice cream  
out of cones  
and wish our cousins would come to play with us.

When we finish, we join Mom and Grandma in the garden.  
Grandma's short stocky frame is bent over the vegetables,  
her dress and apron blow gracefully around her knees.  
Her gray head bobs up and down, as she smiled at our  
childish chatter.

At supper time we eat meat, homemade noodles and green beans,  
potatoes, lettuce and tomatoes from the garden,  
all prepared with Grandma's loving hands.  
Why does everything always taste better at Grandma's house?  
After dark we try to catch fireflies in the yard until  
Mom calls us in for a bath.  
That night, I snuggle under an old quilt in the four poster bed.  
"Goodnight," I whisper to the farm, wishing I could stay there forever.

*Greg Potts*

### **Poem**

Looking up into the blackness.  
Looking up where the ceiling should be.  
I'm searching all around,  
but it's much too dark to see.

I'm suddenly afraid of everything.  
The things I used to see  
are darker now and stranger,  
So much stranger then they used to be.

Looking up into the blackness.  
Looking up where the sun should be.  
I'm searching all around,  
but it's much too dark to see.

*Jonathan Michiels*

### **Wormwood**

Cemetery ultra-vile  
your low-slung tombstones are an effrontery-  
puny monuments for puny men-

My family under a yellow and white  
striped canopy- I turn back on them-  
giving them the back of my hand-  
flashing my dully polished sapphire ring-

Oh I long for the days when wind swept  
through the purple hued passageways of  
Egyptian tombs during Aleister Crowley's  
honeymoon-Cemetery so "modern," made for  
those who died running the traffic lights-  
for those who'd suppose it queer to die for  
an emperor or a queen-

Wearing my tears mourning in the afternoon-  
I'm wearing my tears mourning in the afternoon  
as proudly as I were wearing jewels for my lady-  
Tears drooling out of my eyelids like strands  
of pearls-

In the Chapel of the Vacuum my poem is read-  
I said that in the Chapel of the Vacuum  
my poem is read loudly and clearly-the rest  
of the family has nothing to bring-they who  
have essentially nothing to give-

They who suppose themselves equal to me-  
look glaringly over the wooden pews disdainfully  
at me-Now I hear that the family tree is hollow-

knock on wood-

You are the darkness of my world-  
You alone make black my brightest day-  
many are the curses you bring to those  
who trust in your ways-

There is wormwood in the chalice  
The kiss of Judas plays among the  
endearments of family and friends-  
the family tree is rotten-  
and full of broken limbs-

*Jennifer Anderson*

### Anxiety

When time runs out  
run and hide  
struggle  
survive.  
To be  
full of questions  
brought on  
by nobody with  
answers.  
A complex duality  
live  
learn.  
All of this  
makes  
temples burn.

*Frances L. Schwartz*

### **Webs**

thin bonds spun out of glass;  
two, spinning a web of intricate design  
out of words, looks, and gestures,

showers beat upon the fetters,  
straining them.

the sun dries the untempered threads,  
delicately swinging in the open air.

the moon illuminates the tiny crystallized filaments,  
fragile in the caressing breeze  
the thin bonds  
shatter.

*John D. Groppe*

### **Two Haiku (January 21, 1992)**

Sun warms snow and ice.  
Air is full, ripe with manure.  
Corn waits. Thaw will come.

Y's and I's impressed  
on trees, hidden from the sun,  
northwind speeds south.



*Shelly Robertson*

### **A Reflection on X**

Don't be fooled by cunning faces  
Lured by gold  
To far off places.

Don't be blinded by passing desire,  
By lazy indifference  
Or envious fire.

Don't lie to yourself whatever you do,  
Don't cheat for your sake,  
To your own self be true.

Don't listen to the do's and don'ts if you think you know best  
Try to be open minded,  
Stand above all the rest.  
You've got to have pride,  
You've go to believe,  
You've got to work hard  
If you want to achieve.

We've got to stand strong.  
It's time to stand tall.  
Let's fight for the truth  
Or say nothing at all.

"He will make use of me dead, as he has made use of me alive, as a convenient symbol of 'hatred' and that will help him to escape facing the truth that all I have been doing is holding up a mirror to reflect the history of unspeakable crimes that his race has committed against my race. You

watch. I will be labeled as, at best, an 'irresponsible' black man."

I have to admit, I didn't know.  
I didn't understand.  
Now I do.

Maybe they kept it from me all these years on purpose.  
I, too, thought of him as a symbol of hatred,  
of revenge.  
Now I know better.

People are people wherever you go,  
Some know much more  
Than I'll ever know.

People are people no matter what race.  
What challenges me  
Is what they all face.

People are people,  
What should we do?  
Be sorry for things  
That they did to you?

Two wrongs don't make a right,  
Two wars are still a fight

Silence lies the same  
As men jack the game.

I read and reflected  
And now I find  
Some pertinent questions  
Come to my mind.

If maybe there isn't a God, what does it hurt to believe?  
If you never go the distance, how will you ever achieve?

If I stand up for what I believe, will that make me some zero?  
Am I coward at heart, or willing to die like a hero?

"I know that societies often have killed the people who have helped to change those societies. And if I can die having brought any light, having exposed anything meaningful in the body of America--then, all of the credit is due to Allah. Only the mistakes have been mine."

It's time to break the bounds our parents have tied.  
It's time to turn from ignorance.  
It's time to make a difference.  
It's time for peace.

(Quotes from the *Autobiography of Malcolm X* by Alex Haley)

*Jennifer Anderson*

### **Truth**

Regret  
Kills  
Passion

Sorrow  
Crushes  
Happiness

Anger  
Destroys  
Love

*Greg Potts*

### **Anthem of the Young**

We know, you do not hear us old man.  
When we were young, you shackled us  
in sweltering bands.

Taught us your rules, taught us to be civil.  
Broke our spirit, with hard chairs,  
and rulers on knuckles.

Old man, we know, you don't believe in us.  
Every time we try to speak,  
you say it's just a phase.

We know, the mess you have made,  
We have no faith in your dreams and promises,  
we have no use for words, only action.

Old man, we will fight you at every turn.  
We will gather our strength and attack,  
we press on for what we think is right.

You may hold us back for now.  
Your numbers and rules may stop us,  
hold us back with fire.

One day we shall rise.  
We will rise from our ashes,  
and soar like the Phoenix.

*Frances L. Schwartz*

### **Sands**

Sands  
As endless as time.  
Each grain represents someone.  
You are there, I am there,  
Everyone is there.

Time will let us meet everyone.  
We start out together but are carried  
Over the oceans to shores  
Faraway.

Time our old friend will let us meet  
On some distant shore.  
Then we will be together  
Forever.

*Andrew Klimczak*

### **Christmas in May**

Taken in,  
By pitied eyes--scared, timid, innocent.  
Sucked in,  
By clever lies--assured, convincing.

At a distance, a delicate siren  
How could one think such thoughts?  
Only by petting her silken hair  
Do the horns become apparent.

The snow falls.  
The halo beams.  
But I know the truth,  
Yes, the truth.  
You've heard of it, I think.

Surround yourself with your soldiers/spies,  
All sucked into delicate lies.

You stroke your sheep,  
Feed them,  
Train them,  
Blind them.

In the end you kill them.

Build your fortress.  
I'll build mine.

My foundation is truth--solid, strong, resilient.  
Your foundation is deceit--brittle, warping, fragile.

Hurl your projectiles.  
I've no blood to spill.  
You sucked it from me,  
Slaking your thirst for pity.

The snow tumbles down.  
The tinsel burns my eyes.  
No joy is left.  
I wonder  
Whether Noel has lost meaning, direction.

You've stripped away all compassion.  
Only anger remains.

You've taught me to hate,  
To hate.

Don't come looking for forgiveness.  
You'll find none.

Just a lead pipe to the temple,  
And your blood will stain the grass,  
And the roses' necks will snap.

*Jennifer Anderson*

## **Lie**

He had sworn he loved her. She believed him whole heartedly. She needed to believe him. He would be her everything.

His touch sent shivers through her body. His eyes were strong and hot. Her heart felt as if it was going to burst when he whispered her name. He asked for her to spend the night in his arms.

She could not resist the temptation. She longed to feel his body close to hers. His naked body was the symbol of her strength and security. His muscles were tense. Her body surrendered. He would enter her soul and alter her existence.

The final moment of the night's excursion brought about a question. How can pleasure originate from sin?

*Mary Barga*

### **That Voice**

A voice piercing through the calm peaceful air,  
That eerie, nagging, cry that does not leave me alone.  
I try to run and escape this horrid sound,  
But every corner I turn, every place I hide That Voice follows.

What is it you want? Why are you after me?  
A wicked laughter roared all around me,  
The time has come which I have dreaded,  
My soul is no longer mine to possess,  
The Master has come to take  
What I had given in a long time ago.  
However, I know that I am not alone,  
For others too have sold their soul  
To achieve all the power and glory  
Required in this hell called life.

*Shelly Robertson*

## **Summer Place**

The children giggled, tiptoeing out of the garage dragging the fence boards.

"We'll need a hammer," Ron whispered so Mom wouldn't hear.

"And some nails," his sister added.

"Whatcha doing?!" their neighbor Ruth yelled from across the street.

"Sh shshshhhh!!" They ran toward her.

"We're building our summer place," Ron told her softly.

"Can I help?" she asked.

"Sure," Ron whispered, "but be quiet!"

Construction began in late May. The trees had already bloomed and the weather was warm. It already felt like summer.

"We'll have to hurry if we want to finish," they all agreed.

They chose the tallest tree in the woods.

"I want our place WAY up there!" Ron pointed toward the top.

His sister was practical like their mother.

"What if we fall?"

"Ruthie had always been daring. "We won't."

One branch was a horse. All three could ride fearlessly. Another branch served as the support for their swing. Ron nailed ropes into the wood.

Each uneven board was a step up up up to the tower built high enough to excite them, so high they could see the neighborhood and their house over the trees.

They celebrated up there with peanut butter and jelly sandwiches washed down with grape pop. It was finally finished.

July came and the summer place was a military fort, a hiding place, goal during tag—their place to be any and every hero they could dream up.

In August, the horse died. Too many rides on the bendable saddle had split the wood of the mare in two, right down the middle.

"No more horse rides this summer I guess," Ruthie said.

Fall arrived much too quickly. Before the children knew it, they were being called in before dark for supper, sent to bed early. After school, there weren't enough hours in a day left for them to spend having fun at their summer places.

At first this bothered the three. Monday afternoon, after the first day of school, the children couldn't even get in a full game of hide-and-seek before they heard from Ron and Shelly's mother calling for them to come home.

"Don't worry," Shelly told them. "It'll always be here tomorrow."

After school Wednesday, as the school bus turned the corner, Ron's sister noticed something odd.

"Look!" she commanded the other two.

Ron and Ruth ran from their seats to the window. All three sat with mouths agape. Men in orange and yellow suits were levelling the land. All the trees had fallen but one.

All ran off the school bus and headed toward the woods.

"Come back here," mother said. "It's time for dinner. Your father came home early."

They knew they had to obey, though they could hardly contain their emotion.

"Ruthie, your parents called and said to tell you to go right home. You're going out with them tonight."

All three children looked at each other. There was nothing they could do.

"We'll tell you tomorrow," Ron said to Ruth.

After dinner, Ron ran out the door and Shelly attempted to follow.

"Who is going to help me with the dishes?" Mom asked.

Shelly had to stay and dry.

When she finished, Shelly bolted out the door. She spotted Ronald's chubby little frame walking toward the house slowly. He was only a dark shadow in front of the sunset that lit the jack-o-lantern of a fleeting October sky. The background was a glorious vision. Not a tree blocked its magnificence. The message was all too clear.

Little Ronald had tear streaks on his grimy face. A broken hammer hung in his right hand.

Shelly drew from their father's words of wisdom, "All things must change," but she couldn't hold back her tears. Ron looked into his sister's eyes and they fell into an embrace. The summer place had been destroyed.



*Frances L. Schwartz*

## **Lost**

Where am I?  
I am in oblivion.  
Where is something concrete?  
There is nothing,  
I feel myself losing my grip,  
ever so slowly on  
nothing, everything, reality.

No one is there to give me strength,  
to listen.  
I cry, all I hear is silence.  
I want to sing.  
My beautiful voice?  
Gone.

The words are lost  
but they are there.  
Just incomprehensible.  
Touch me, love me, find me,  
Listen to me.

Too late. I am gone.  
Everything is gone.  
I am lost.

*Becky F.*

## **Guilt**

Love is not  
the language of our time,  
nor joy,  
nor hope of a better tomorrow  
when pain and greed  
throw shadows  
over all the world:  
the attitude of selfish gain  
no matter the cost.  
And so we lose  
our dreams and our lives  
to the ones who have it all  
and are not yet satisfied,  
the seeds of guilt  
planted in their souls.  
And with our suffering  
do those seeds grow  
and flower,  
the cycle feeding itself  
with no end in sight,  
for the wake-up call  
came lifetimes ago  
and is even today ignored  
but by a few who struggle  
up the stream  
against oppression,  
who often find  
that it is a lonely world  
when you have a conscience  
and that all surrounding  
will chastise you  
if you try to think for yourself.

*Mary Barga*

### **As I Walk..**

As I walk, I see images appear,  
Scenes that I do not want to see.  
Emotions are shown in the faces  
Of people I have not met.  
Hurt, Anger, Jealousy, Pride  
But the most prevalent one is Fear.

As I walk, these images grow real  
And it is as if I am living  
What I now see before me.  
Those emotions I now feel,  
It is like my life.

As I walk, I feel the hurt and anger,  
Hurt because life is not  
What I want it to be,  
Angry because I don't know  
How to change the life I see.

As I walk, I feel the jealousy and pride,  
Jealous of what others have  
Which I also want to have,  
Pride, the evil which keeps me  
Where I am at, unable to change.

As I walk, I too feel the fear,  
Afraid of what lies ahead,  
Scared that the past will come back  
To haunt and taunt me,  
But Fear I learn is my only enemy.

*Kathleen Cavanaugh*

## **Star**

It was a cool, sunny day in Regalia when Star heard the call of her teachers. Obediently, she entered the woods and went to her magical place by the meandering stream and humongous, protective oak tree. She brushed her long, jet-colored hair behind her shoulders as she sat down and closed her emerald green eyes, feeling all the negativity she had attracted leave her body. Her willowy but well-toned body warmed as she felt the love of the Great Spirit enter her and awaked the magic in her soul. In a few more moments, Star knew that her teachers would come. As she held her eyes closed, she saw images of far away lands and strange creatures. Finally, her teachers came. They all hugged and kissed her, happy that she was able to visit them again. Kevin, the youngest teacher who helped her specifically on her spiritual journey in life, led her to a grassy knoll and began to speak to her.

"All of the special powers you have gained and valuable lessons you have learned thus far in your life have been in preparation for a journey upon which you must embark. Now is the time for you to start this journey. You will either achieve ultimate power or utter destruction, depending on the choices you make. Take with you the amulets you have gathered in your pouch, for they are your most valuable possession. They contain a basic power source, and their energies are very powerful when correctly utilized. You will find food and water in the wild as you travel, so you need not burden yourself with carrying them with you. While you are traveling, you will meet a companion who also is making the same journey as you. Travel together, for you will help each other to survive. Watch the horizon tomorrow at dawn for a special signal that will tell you when to depart. You will know what this signal is when you see it. Also, always remember that whenever you need

help, your teachers are always here for you, so call upon us when it is necessary. Go and prepare."

Kevin then led her back to the rest of her teachers, who hugged her good-bye and wished her light for her journey. Star turned and began to walk away when she remembered a question she had forgotten to ask. However, when she turned around, her teachers had already disappeared. The question slipped out of her mind as Star excitedly returned to her hut, where she planned for the beginning of the journey.

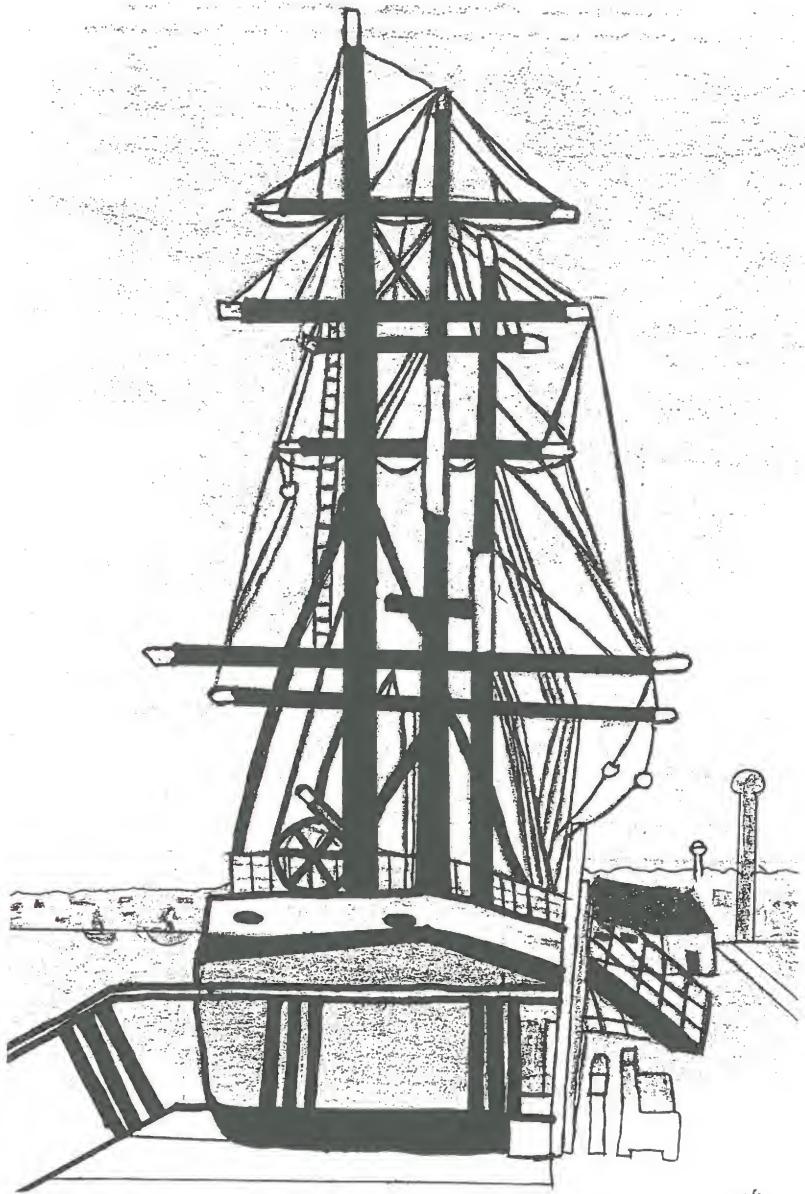
However, deep in the night as she was preparing, Star was unable to hear the cold thunder of the Emperor's dark horses as they drove murderously towards her peaceful cove. If she could, it would trample her lustrous dreams and eclipse them with blackened terror. Surely, this was to be the prelude to Star's journey.

*Becky F.*

### **Cloudburst**

A sudden cloudburst  
raining down on me  
cleanses me  
to my very core.  
Oh, the ecstasy  
of being free again  
and being in love  
with the rain  
as it is falling down!

Lost in this rapture,  
I almost forget  
to notice  
its rhythm  
slowing down  
until it ends  
as swiftly as it began,  
leaving me with  
only a memory,  
and the peace that remains  
in my soul.



*Shelly Robertson*

### **Yesterday**

It was Saturday four years ago,  
So vividly I do remember  
The heat and the sun, the spring and the seeds.  
So strange how I still can remember

When we were only children.  
And then came the time she passed.  
I didn't know then what I know today,  
I couldn't know it wouldn't last.

Moments, I'm still in such sorrow;  
Others, I find I can't care,  
Because today like every tomorrow  
Just passes without her there.

Still I feel her laughing,  
Still I see her here.  
More than a friend, she, a wonder,  
A yellow rose, brought love so near.

It's not that I want her back.  
I couldn't have made her stay..  
I just can't help but remember  
Those four years ago, yesterday.

*Jennifer Anderson*

## Reserves

She was a lovely woman. Young and vibrant. She led a happy life with her husband. Her marriage was her existence. Her hair was the color of sun drenched wheat. Her eyes sparkled like the stars on a clear night. When she spoke, it sounded as if the wind was whispering through the trees.

She sat alone in her favorite chair, staring out her window from her rocking chair. Her face held no expression. Her body held no strength. She sat lifeless facing their garden. She saw nothing out of the window, but was looking for her everything.

It had been three days since she read that letter. She peered into her garden. It was overgrown with weeds and was barely recognizable any longer. Her husband had built that garden for her.

Images of the good times crowded her head. She kept hearing that same neatly typed sentence screaming at her from the message the army sent. "We regret to inform you that your husband was killed in the line of duty."

With the opening of one letter, her whole life had stopped. She knew she must go on, yet she couldn't collect enough energy to move from her chair. They had bought this chair from a flea market during their first month of marriage. She loved this chair as much as she loved him. She wouldn't leave her chair. It was all she had left of him.

The months went by and still she did not move. Then one day she saw her husband tending their garden. She ran to him. Their souls entwined in the weeds of the garden.

*Robert Garrity*

## Nostalgia

With slow pace and memory-filled eyes the man walked the very sidewalk that he had walked hundreds of times years ago. How many years? Was it forty or fifty? It seemed like two or three, except for a vague feeling that it was a completely different street now. There were cars parked all along both sides of the city block of his old Dearborn Street, where once Mr. Samuels and Mr. Baker were the only two who even had a car to park anywhere.

The one-time names were gone from the houses he passed, as he thought to himself the names -- O'Donnell, McElroy, Kelly, Daily, Dugan, McCabe, Flaherty, Haggerty -- like a Gaelic Litany of the Saints. Of course, in this St. Lawrence O'Toole's parish he had thought at times that they lived in Little Galway or Little Donegal.

The Irish boys (along with some Protestant boys like the Lee brothers and Shaw) would play boxball in that street, hitting the tennis ball with bare knuckles (the pitcher had to bounce it once), sometimes over the tops of the houses and into the alley behind. The alley behind his house was Alhambra Way, and he wondered how a byway of less than twelve feet in width had been given such an impressive name.

His rules when "at bat" were especially drawn because of his left-handedness -- over Dailey's house was out. The other, "normal" boys would "bat" up the street because they were not handicapped with such inconvenient sinistrality. At the moment Dailey's house seemed to be the length of a good-sized pool table from home plate. The boys had frowned and grudgingly suspended their game on the rare occasion of someone's driving a car across the first base line. After all, the kids owned Dearborn Street; let the cars use Penn Avenue!

Only on Saturday, when there was no school, did they climb the steep Fort Pitt hill to use the playground's baseball

field. At times they preferred Dearborn Street's smooth paving to the tiny stones that covered Fort Pitt's infield and threatened to propel the friction-tape covered ball into their teeth on each grounder. No batting helmets, no uniforms, no coaches, no umpires in those pre-Little League days of improvised chaos; but somehow the Dearborn Street gang learned how to play ball -- at least some of them did.

On Boys' Day the whole lot of them would walk over to Forbes Field to watch the Pirates lose again. With eight teams in the league, they always managed to finish seventh or eighth. He smiled to think that this must be the fate of little Chicago Cub fans these days -- that feeling that their team might win it all just once, some day. They had waited after the games to get autographs of the players, and occasionally to get to walk back to the Webster Hall Hotel with someone like Rip Sewell or Johnny Barrett. He remembered how rough and huge the hands of Honus Wagner had been the day he had obtained the great one's autograph. Wagner was then a coach, in his seventies, but always affable when the young boys wanted an autograph. Now, he thought, they call it Children's Day because the girls go also. In those days it had been assumed that only boys were interested in baseball.

And now this block is completely different, he thought. No longer do Irish names proliferate. Not one of the old families seems still to be around. What had happened? Had they all taken the opportunity to move when it arose? Had they all died off?

Words came to his mind. The words were, "You can't go home again." In a way, he reflected, these words contained a note of self-contradiction, for if it were still home, then a return would be impossible -- one would already be here. But how short the block seemed now. Had it really been this small, with such a narrow street and with such small houses on it? He stepped into his car, and while driving off he could hear the "thunk" of a tennis ball as it flew over Dailey's house.

*Becky F.*

## **Storm**

Tall trees shiver,  
sound of the wind,  
their branches glisten  
with droplets of rain;  
it is beneath these  
sheltering limbs  
that I take each step,  
under grey clouds  
I cannot see  
for the darkness  
of this night.

A storm rages  
in my soul  
as the world  
storms around me,  
how appropriate.  
And my bitter tears fall  
in complement to the rain,  
and your angry words  
that repeat themselves  
viciously in my head  
tear at me  
like the wind.

*Jennifer Anderson*

## **Bitter**

To be hurt  
repeatedly  
by your  
treachery.

To be told  
lies in  
place of the  
truth.

To believe  
in the words  
uttered from your  
lips.

To be loved  
by your deceitful  
hands.

To be shown  
the way to  
truth  
through the  
valley  
of deception.

The pain  
you caused.

The heart  
you broke.

The innocence  
you snatched.

It was  
always  
your choice.

*Jonathan Michiels*

### **Mussolini's Daughter**

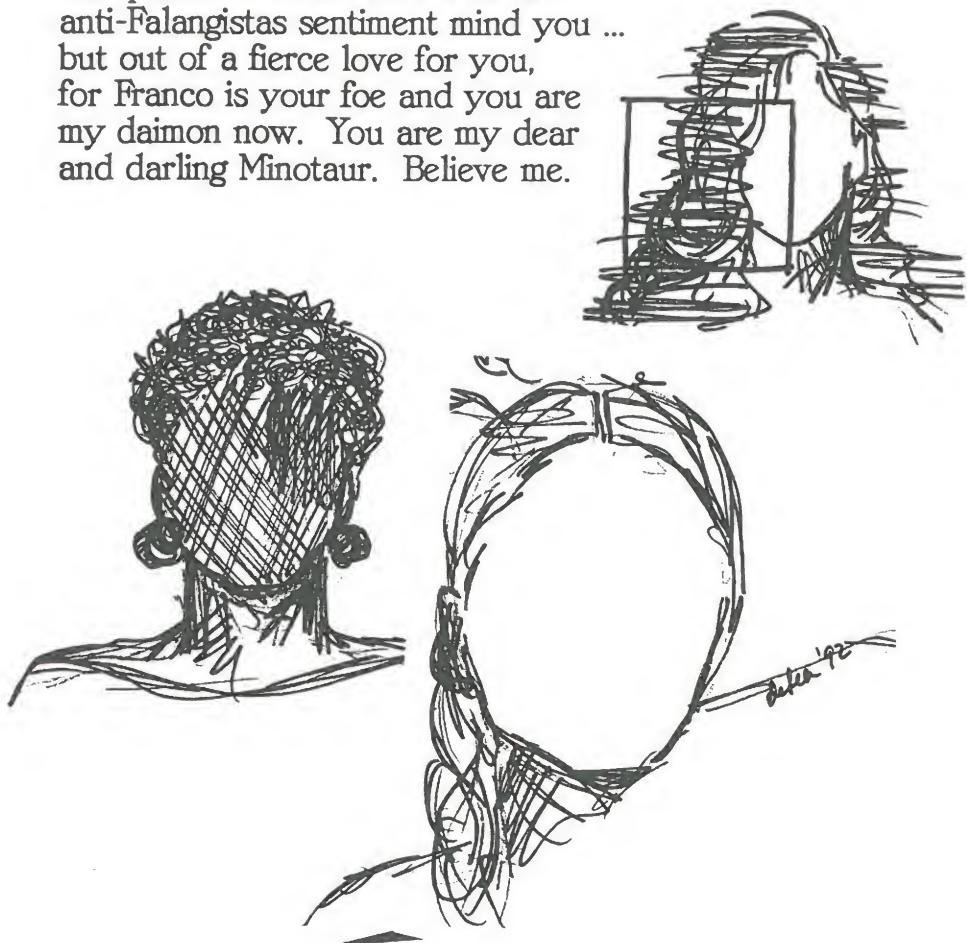
A Fascist chic falls like a pall over my villa that is located at the foot of the Pyrenees. I sit underneath a pair of bull horns, in my wide brimmed, black Stetson cowboy hat. The bull horns are wrapped with strips of black patent leather and a small silver bell hangs from each point.

The brim of my cowboy hat curls up in a swirl, on its sides, as the bull horns undulate, causing the tinkling of the bells. My sad ears prick up though, when I hear Annabella strike a chord on the Spanish guitar, as she sits in my villa's trophy room, in front of a big log fire. My unwavering gaze is transfixed upon the gyrations of her lithe fingers plucking the guitar's strings. Above and behind her, my red and gold striped Catalan battle flag covers radiantly the hearth's chimney. Likewise, a shimmering veil of her black hair eclipses half of Annabella's face into darkness.

I rise up from a black wicker chair and move towards the hearth, with a bull whip. I pass the toreador costume I have dressed a mannequin in, and I run my fingers along the grooves in between its gilt trim. I walk my villa's wood panelled hall, which is

ever so softly lit, by flame shaped  
glass bulbs hidden behind candle masks.  
I slither my whip behind me as  
I pass a painting of Francisco Franco,  
a la flambeau. The portrait of the  
Spanish generalissimo is aflame,  
inside of its thick lasso rope frame,  
suggesting the map which burns during  
the opening credits of Bonanza.

The portrait is not afire out of an  
anti-Falangistas sentiment mind you ...  
but out of a fierce love for you,  
for Franco is your foe and you are  
my daimon now. You are my dear  
and darling Minotaur. Believe me.



*Becky F.*

## **Whirlwind**

You come to me  
like a whirlwind,  
twirling me,  
dancing  
'til my breath is gone,  
then you send me  
like a shower  
of meteors,  
plummeting into the ground  
as you dance away,  
the whirlwind,  
and I cry for your return.

Brooding thunder storms  
don't touch me,  
nor the breath of a summer breeze,  
the sky can rain,  
the moon can shine  
without notice  
until the whirlwind  
comes to me again  
and we go dancing.



*JaLeen Deardurff*

## **Memory**

I'm watching an old Bonanza rerun on T.V.  
As the four Cartwrights ride across the Ponderosa  
I'm a little girl again, sitting on the couch with my brother.  
It's Sunday night!

There's Hoss with his tongue hanging out  
of his mouth trying to explain a little mishap.  
Little Joe's laughing with a rat-a-tat rhythm.  
Adam chimes in with smart aleck comment  
while Ben furrows a concerned brow.

There's the grand log house  
familiar to fans young and old.  
The pine trees and mountains surround  
Lake Tahoe and I wish I were there.

Joe's pinto pony, Hoss's ten gallon hat,  
Ben's silver hair and Adam's golden voice.  
Michael, Dan, Lorne and Pernell  
all bring back a memory as the Bonanza theme song  
gallops through my house.

*John Negovetich*

## **Waiting Out the Storm**

A tired, weary, solemn traveler  
is waiting out the storm.  
His cold, naked, water-logged body  
is withered, tattered and torn.  
Alone he sits on this quiet road,  
with the rain beating hard on his face.  
He's half a man, with half a chance  
to find happiness any place.  
Up to his feet, he travels on,  
a nameless, faceless man.  
All that he has are the dreams that he holds,  
but he doesn't know how he can.  
Off to the east is open road,  
the west looks just the same.  
He can't decide which way to go,  
because he does not know from where he came.  
In a rain that has not lifted in years,  
the traveler waits out the storm,  
confused and alone, emotions grow cold,  
only his hatred keeps him warm.  
I know how he feels, for I am a traveler,  
we all must travel through storms of hate,  
soon enough the storm always passes,  
but only the fool sits and waits.

*Becky F.*

## Pondering Life

Been sitting here  
thinking  
so long,  
I forgot  
how to move,  
how to feel,  
as if I have been stripped  
of body  
and emotion.

So I ask myself  
why  
I want to move  
anyway  
and what  
is left  
to feel,  
and I  
cannot reply.

So I stay here,  
thinking,  
until even  
the slightest desire  
for action  
disappears,  
pondering life  
when I no longer possess it.

*Shelly Robertson*

## **Heaven**

### **Heaven**

maybe is a place  
where you can sit with your parents  
and laugh and laugh  
and never hold anything against them, or them against you,  
never fight.

### **Heaven**

maybe is a place  
where you never have to mow another lawn,  
write another paper,  
or clip another coupon.

### **Heaven**

maybe is a place  
where you can keep eating cookies and fresh baked  
cinnamon rolls  
with butter  
and never get sick  
or gain weight.

### **Heaven**

maybe is a place where there is true freedom,

Or maybe

just maybe

Heaven is just a place

where love is really

always

true.

*Becky F.*

### **Color Me**

If I were a color,  
I'd be scarlet  
Like the deepest of red roses  
that lovers send,  
like the stained glass  
of church windows,  
the color  
that stores don't sell  
unless packed deep inside  
a crayon box by mistake.  
I would be the color  
that best describes  
the howling of a lonely wind,  
the color that the moon becomes  
when harvest time is near,  
and the color of blood  
spilt over nothing important  
in any war.

Color me scarlet.

*Becky F.*

### **Disposable**

Living in a world  
where people  
are disposable,  
how can love  
endure?

## Errata in the Spring 1992 issue

The editors wish to apologize for five errors in the last issue. Someone gained access to our computerized copy during the week prior to the printing deadline and erased all the copy. The editor had to rush through a retying of the entire issue in two days. We are sorry for the inconvenience. In the future, only the editors will have access to the computerized data.

Three works were printed with one or more words incorrectly placed. Two works were erroneously attributed to the wrong author. All five works are here reprinted as they should have appeared in the issue.

*Jacquelyn Leonard*

## **Self Portrait**

She wears the night cloaked about her  
as the stars gather in her hair,  
while the tears fall from her eyes like moondrops,  
when she is all alone in the cool, crisp air.

She walks and is sure of her step;  
she holds her head high from her hardship.  
Yet she is numb to the pain of love and grief,  
because her pride is stronger than she.

*John D. Groppe*

## **Earth and Rain**

The earth knew it before we did,  
even before the birds,  
and rose to join the rain.  
Swifts, surprised by the soaring soil,  
sortied as ground bound as swallows.  
Then we felt the wind and its promise.  
Our desire has been buried deep within civilities  
and nurtured like an African plant in a city flat,  
without knowing the torrent  
that had spawned its gentle purple.  
The earth swirled, the rain fell, the birds fled.  
Even then we hesitated,  
sitting apart, laughing, our faces turned to the wind.  
The honest invitation remained,  
and we rose to dance with the earth and rain.

*Becky F.*

## **A Child**

Even if only  
for a brief and fleeting moment,  
I would like to be happy again,

to experience the bliss of a child  
who knows not fear or responsibility,  
who has no worries or cares,

to marvel at the simplicity  
of a butterfly,  
to stop and smell a flower,  
to be able to smile freely once more.

Oh, to be a child again,  
to be that simple,  
to know that love  
that will never change  
no matter what one says  
or does.

*Becky F.*

## To Be Whole Again

And I cry sometimes,  
late at night,  
alone  
in the dark of my room  
when I think of you,  
because I'm still in love with you,  
and I wake up with a picture of you  
emblazoned on my mind  
for you fill every dream  
and waking fantasy.

If only you were here  
right now,  
holding me  
as you used to  
in the silence of midnight,  
in the darkness that covers me,  
in the shadows so complete  
I fear never seeing light again,  
but you will never hold me  
as you used to,  
and I will never be whole again.

*Becky F.*

## **Accusations**

Pain cutting through me  
like a blade  
in your hands  
as you look at me  
with eyes that accuse,  
though I've done nothing to harm you.

I look for the compassion  
I once knew,  
which used to fill those eyes  
when you would gaze upon me,  
and I search for the inner corners  
of the soul  
your eyes could reveal,  
but both are absent  
from the face I see before me.

All I can see are your eyes,  
piercing me,  
as though each were a knife  
and cutting through the flesh and bone,  
even through my very soul  
to wound me  
as my own eyes fill with tears  
at your accusations.

*Cover by Sharon M. Vairo and Stephen R. James 1991*